MOTHER EARTH

Vol. X. April, 1915 No. 2

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MOTHER EARTH

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WAR'S WINECUP

BY MAY S. FORRESTER

The fields of the Gods are ripened,
Christianity's winepress is here
And War's Evangel is gathering
The vintage from far and near,
And the helpers of Hell and their makers
The Christian War Lords of Earth,
Are feeding the mouth of the Winepress
With God-like fervor and mirth.

For the purpose of grape and of vintage
Is yielding its crimsoned breath,
While the Christian War Lords are feasting
And dancing their dance of Death.

The altars of Mammon and Moloch
With victims are heaped up high,
For "The Gods are athirst," and they revel
Where blood-lusting patriots die;
Nor the hand of the priest shall falter
Nor whiter his lips shall grow
When from sacrificial altar
The encrimsoned tide shall flow.

And the masters of Earth are filling
With glee their gruesome cup,
For the victims are many, and willing,
And proud to be offered up.

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And the altars where Mammon presideth
And the winepress' lips shall be red
While king and subject abideth
'Till master and slave are dead;
'Till the fetish of National Glory
And Patriotism has died,
'Till *then* shall earth's streams run gory,
Earth's children be crucified.

For the greed and the hate and the malice,
The world-wrongs of woe and pain,
In the great sacrificial chalice
Are pouring their lethal stain.

Shall the strife-maddened peoples of earth then
Find peace in Gethsemane?
Shall they find they are *One*, that their battle
'Gainst Labor's Despoilers must be?
Shall their day of freedom come after
This night of bullet and shell
With its song of Satanic laughter
Its loosened furies from hell?

Is this red, red stain the breaking
Of dawn—does it presage the birth
Of a new, free World-soul waking
To Brotherly Love upon Earth?

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

IN our May issue we mean to print a report of our activities in and about New York during the past four months. Today we wish to tell our readers only of the two great events—the Red Revel and the MOTHER EARTH Tenth Anniversary.

Both were remarkable in their way. The Red Revel brought out nearly eight hundred people, representing as many different languages as can only be found in New York City. Not only that, there were also to be found every profession from the dramatist, painter, composer, poet, actor, to the scavenger. All had a wonderful time, forgetting for the evening that there was such a thing as the war in Europe and America.

The Anniversary was of a different nature. The at-

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tendance was not what one might expect after a nine years' struggle. But quality made up for lack of quantity.

The music rendered by the brilliant young American violinist, David Hochstein, was inspiring, and it was almost worth the hardships of the past to have been able to have him play. "The Glittering Gate" by Lord Dunsany, a one act play, ably acted by Roland Young and E. J. Ballantine, gripped the audience by its grim pathos. Then there were addresses by our good friends, Leonard D. Abbott and Bolton Hall, and the mother of the child, E. G. Telegrams of good wishes came from Alexander Berkman and Anna Statneko, Denver; from Schorr and Rothstein, St. Louis; and from Leon Malmed, Albany. Also a great many letters from all parts of the country, expressing appreciation of our anniversary number.

Altogether MOTHER EARTH has reasons to rejoice over the past nine years and to look forward with new hope toward the future.

* * *

FRANK TANNENBAUM is again a free man. It was left to a female prison commissioner to rob the boy of nearly all his "good time;" an outrage formerly imposed only for an attempt to escape or for assaulting a keeper. But if Katherine hoped to dampen the ardor of our comrade, she could not have gone about it in a more stupid manner.

Frank is at his most impressionable age. With kindness and understanding, one would have tremendous influence with him. But why expect either from prison officials? Frank tasted all the bitterness and humiliation a cruel, senseless system inflicts on its victims. But he came out the old rebel, more intense, and with a greater determination to oppose every social wrong.

Frank hopes to cause an investigation of the horrors of Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. He is indeed naive, or else he would know that every investigation goes as far as the Warden's office, and there it rests until the next cry of anguish pierces through the thick prison walls.

But we are glad that our comrade is pursuing his aim

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of helping his fellow sufferers, whom he left behind. We are glad that he has come back to us, as wholesome and as fresh, with his old defiance more aglow. The revolutionary movement needs such buoyant spirits.

* * *

THE cold chariot wheel of justice has ridden over Patrick Quinlan and Frederick Sumner Boyd. If proofs were needed, their cases have again shown us the utter futility—not to speak of the inconsistency—for the revolutionary element to hope for justice from the courts.

It is only too true that in this freest of all countries, the law is so crooked that unless one has a lawyer to help him past the hundred and one technical pitfalls, he is doomed to fall into them at the very first hearing. The myth that in America the defendant is entitled to be his own defender is a wretched farce. Likely as not, he will be held for contempt of court the moment he opens his mouth. But if one is compelled to avail himself of counsel and go through the comedy of a trial for the sake of propaganda, he is not compelled to use the money of the workers and drag the case from court to court, knowing all the time there is no such thing as justice from the judicial bench. Not for those who plead in behalf of the disinherited, anyhow.

Unfortunately, the workers themselves are too steeped in their awe of the courts. They are willing enough to give their pennies to feed the machinery of government. But they are not willing enough to make revolutionary stand which might have sufficient weight to free their brothers.

Under such conditions, there seems to be only two ways open to the real rebel. Either not to venture into a serious fight at all, or to say with our brave, dead comrade, Jack Whyte, "To Hell with your courts!"

Since the above was written, the New York *Call* has printed Frederick Sumner Boyd's appeal for pardon—a document so cringing and slimy that further comment is hardly necessary. In an editorial (March 27) *The Call* attempts to squirm out of the fact that Boyd is a Socialist by referring to his "Anarchistic ravings." Evidently *The Call* is as cowardly as Boyd, since it tries to hide the fact that Boyd never had even the slightest inkling of An-

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archism, nor any connection whatsoever with the Anarchists.

Sumner Boyd, and most of the writers for the *Metropolitan,* are Socialists. If *The Call* were not as commonplace a sheet as the rest of the New York dailies, it would not feebly try to hide its own shame by attempting to besmirch Anarchism with the name of Frederick Sumner Boyd.

The most disgusting feature of the Boyd recantation is that such men as Gilbert E. Roe, John Reed and Lincoln Steffens should have put their names to such a document. We have learned that Steffens did not see the appeal until he was on his way to the Governor of New Jersey with it. He admits that he would have taken off his signature but feared that it would impair Boyd's chances. We suggested to Steffens to make this fact public, as it is never weakness to admit a mistake. We hope he will do so.

In the meantime, we wish Sumner Boyd success. All yellow curs deserve some kindness from the masters whose boots they lick.

* * *

THE trial of William Sanger, set for March 15th and postponed until April 12th, is arousing nation-wide interest. Letters and financial contributions have been received by the Free Speech League from all parts of the country. Early in March, 2,000 appeals for money, together with a reprint of Max Eastman's leading article in the March issue of *The Masses,* were sent out to picked names. Upward of $400 has been received at the time of this writing. Two of the noteworthy contributors to the fund are Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, and Robert Herrick, the novelist. $32 was raised at Emma Goldman's meetings in New York and Schenectady.

On March 4th Gilbert E. Roe argued before Judge Swann, of the Court of General Sessions, in favor of a jury trial for Mr. Sanger. It was at this time that the Judge branded Mrs. Sanger's pamphlet on "Family Limitation" as "simply awful," and asked: "If this is not obscene, what is?" The Judge's own attitude was the best argument for a jury trial. A little later he returned Mr. Roe's plea with the laconic comment: "Motion denied."

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When Mr. Sanger's case comes up, it will be before three Judges in the Court of Special Sessions. There is grave danger that he will be railroaded to jail. Publicity is needed. Address communications to Leonard D. Abbott, President of the Free Speech League, 241 East 201st street, New York City.

* * *

OUR readers will be interested to know that our friends, Matthew Schmidt and David Caplan, are in excellent spirits at their hotel, County Jail, Los Angeles. They are both well, physically and mentally, and quite capable of standing alone. They ask for no charity or pity from their friends; nor do they want mercy from their enemies.

Nevertheless, it is gratifying to learn that labor in California will stand solidly with them. We quote from the Secretary-Treasurer's Report, 15th Annual Convention, San Francisco, 1915:

> The Building Trades Council of San Francisco has already made its declaration and issued an appeal to affiliated organizations for the purpose of raising a defense fund for these men. That this convention should take such action in the matter as will provide an adequate defense—one that cannot but result in the acquittal of the men—must be apparent to all the delegates.
>
> Furthermore, it should be remembered that all these dynamite prosecutions and persecutions of union men have grown out of lockouts, strikes and industrial wars; that the union men now in jail and in prison are in reality prisoners of war; that these men who have suffered long nerve wrecking trials and incarceration with consequent annoyance and degradation to their friends and families have been fighting in the front ranks, on the ramparts and in the trenches for the Labor Union cause; they have been fighting your battle; they have been true to your sacred interests even unto death!
>
> If you are true to yourselves, you will give them such support as they need, and, if you fail in the performance of this duty, you and your organizations alone will suffer the disastrous consequences.
>
> If you are union men, worthy of membership in Union Labor —if you are men true to your obligation, you will never desert a brother and comrade, who has been hounded and hunted and persecuted by your enemy that is seeking to destroy your organization and rob you of all you have gained. Men and women who have unionism, love and loyalty, not only on their lips, but also in their hearts, always know what to do.
>
> Their actions speak louder than words.

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That is certainly more than can be said of the Eastern spirit; notwithstanding that the masters of the East are as relentless as in the West. They of Lawrence, Little Falls, Paterson, Roosevelt, N. J., have shown their mailed fists no less than the Merchants and Manufacturers' Assn., and its frothing mouthpiece, the Los Angeles *Times*. For some reason the latter is as meek as a lamb these days. Is it not perhaps because the son-in-law of the old Spouter, Otis, is in the snares of the law? Yes, yes, one grows a bit tamer when one's own kin is caught stealing the pie. It is more difficult then to play the virtuous, outraged pillar of society.

* * *

THE only one who remains brazen is that sneak, William J. Burns. I wonder what America would do without her stage Sherlock Holmes—it is fatal to contemplate!

For fear that his country might forget his existence, this buffoon is again to the fore. Among other things he recently delivered himself of a solemn assurance that "reds are less dangerous in the United States than formerly." I suppose because William J. Burns is watching over them. No wonder he is so well posted on the plots and conspiracies of the Anarchists. Here is this oracle in the Sunday *Sun*:

"While there is no countryside organization, no American society of Anarchists," he said, "yet there is an inspirational head of all the small individual groups; and this central power station, as we may call it, is represented by the publication MOTHER EARTH, with offices at 20 East 125th street, the inspiration being furnished largely by Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman.

"This country has less to fear from Anarchists to-day, far less, than it had years ago. In the first place the Anarchists formerly acted on the spur of the moment, and there was almost no organization among them; while at present the many small groups are organized as such. The Haymarket affair in Chicago and its consequences proved such a lesson to Anarchists generally that fear of like results held them in check for a long time.

"Then, as years went on, the terror caused by the Haymarket tragedy gradually grew dim, and Emma Goldman commenced to make her incendiary speeches in various parts of the country. The character of her speeches unquestionably aroused men to violent ambition, and unquestionably resulted in the assassination of President McKinley. But following that the way the entire country arose, determined to prevent a repe-

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tition of such murder, frightened the Anarchist groups so thoroughly that they became quiet.

"Your Anarchist, or any other apostle of dynamite, is a coward at heart. He does not dare to fight in the open."

To expect enough intelligence from a man hunter like Burns as to historic data is to expect the impossible. Therefore, we are not at all provoked if he is criminally ignorant of the fact, which common school boys are beginning to know; namely, that the Haymarket affair was instigated by just such criminals as William J. Burns, who, like him, lived off the credulity of the master class of that time. Equally, he would know that it was a Democratic Governor, not an Anarchist, namely Altgeld, who proved to the whole world that Parsons, Spies and the other Anarchists were legally murdered.

Least of all need one expect that a Burns should know that, though the State of New York spent a small fortune, and though it did not even shrink from the death chamber, to extort a confession from Leon Czolgosz by means of torture, not a shadow of proof could be found to connect Emma Goldman with his act. Ignorance is not a crime but a virtue in a detective, else how could he possibly be engaged in such a despicable business?

But for William J. Burns to say that the Anarchist is a coward and would not fight in the open is enough to make the Gods laugh—William J. Burns, who could not apprehend a flea, if it were not for his business of espionage, which is the most cowardly of all trades. Especially is it that of the head of that dastardly department, who gathers in fortunes and honors, while his demoralizing and depraved slaves do his dirty jobs.

No doubt it took courage to trap the McNamaras by buying the soul of McManigal. Or will the worthy man-hunter, Burns, have the temerity to say that he ventured into the danger of trapping Caplan and Schmidt, or that he ever would have discovered them, but for some other McManigal, whom his filthy lucre polluted?

Yes, Mr. Burns, the Anarchist may not ask your permission if he really believes in doing something, but he is willing to face danger and to stand consequences. But you and your ilk are too cowardly to do either. You live off the fat of the land, because the people are benighted enough to believe in your importance. But if

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ever the time would come when your contemptible methods stood before the public in all their cruel, brutal and cowardly nakedness, the country would blush with shame that in a Democracy, such as you could have been endured so long.

* * *

WE learn with deep regret that Comrade Peter Kropotkin is very ill. We are compelled to take serious issue with him on his inconsistent stand in the European war, but that has not lessened our deep appreciation for his great service in the past to Anarchism, nor will it ever make us love his beautiful personality any less. We hope our comrade will recover soon, and that he will again take his uncompromising and splendid stand in behalf of the ideal which he has so ably and devotedly sponsored for so many years.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

THE BARNUM & BAILEY STAGING OF THE "ANARCHIST PLOT"

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

THE attempt at a Barnum & Bailey staging of an "Anarchist plot" in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, might have been a clever circus stunt had the clowns not been quite so clumsy. As it was, it did not even make a "good story," though the press pounced upon it, like a cat upon a rat. But on closer examination, it proved to be a dead rat. And starved as newspaper cats are, they were compelled to drop the dead animal just as quickly as they got it into their paws.

MOTHER EARTH, not being in the rat catching business, would pass the ill-smelling spot without comment, but for the fact that the St. Patrick Cathedral bomb plot has disclosed the existence in this country of the agent provocateur. After all, if America must go to Europe for her art, her drama, her music—why not for the agent provocateur?

The Pinkerton, William J. Burns, Orchard, McManigal species are of native origin. But the agent provocateur is an importation. Russia, Spain, Italy, France and Germany are full of them and their victims are legion.

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That is why the provocateur is hated by the workers of Europe, even more than the spy.

Heaven only knows that the spy is despicable enough, but the provocateur is the lowest of all criminals. His business is to waylay a suitable subject, and then work upon the mind of his prey through various forms of suggestion so long until his victim is as pliable as putty. Then if his victim is still unwilling to commit an act of violence, the act is committed for him. From the moment the provocateur is sent upon his mission until the final scene when his unfortunate dupe is led to his doom, the police direct, supervise and pay for the cruel job.

And this damnable business, this rotten system, this outrageous procedure has now found its way into America in the person of the Italian detective, Polignani, the provocateur of the two unfortunate victims, Frank Abarno and Carmen Carbone. But says Commissioner Woods, "an officer will do no wrong." What's the matter with the Commissioner; has he just come out of boarding school? He talks as if he were still in his knickers. If so, the New York Police Department is no place for him. His mother would do well to take him home. Or is it all a pretense? And does he really think that any one will take him seriously? In any event, Commissioner Woods needs some instruction, which we cheerfully give him gratis.

The Anti-Militarist and Unemployed activities not resulting in what the police hoped for, it became necessary to help along a little. Ever since that time, the Anarchist, the I. W. W. groups and the Ferrer Center have been infested by mesmerists in search of fit subjects. Naturally they dared not approach experienced people, though they tried even that. But when they were told to get out, they turned to the young.

Polignani, evidently anxious to advance himself, was the most persistent of the provocateurs, who operated in radical circles during the past year. He chose for his instruments two workers, with a background so harrowing, of poverty, wretchedness and drabness, that it was an easy task to arouse their discontent. But even these poor enslaved and outraged boys would not fall into Polignani's trap. They were literally forced into it, as

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all the evidence so far collected proves conclusively.

The police apparently did not suspect that these boys had friends. They hoped to induce them to plead guilty and rush them into Sing Sing for a long term of imprisonment. Now that they find themselves up against the concerted interests the revolutionary element of New York, the police, undoubtedly, in conjunction with the Catholic Church, are now bringing their whole machinery into force. But in vain. They have fallen into their own trap, and there they will remain until they are exposed in all their criminal efforts against their two dupes, Abarno and Carbone; and especially against the Anarchist activities in New York City.

The agent provocateur must be nipped in the bud. The revolutionary and labor movements are infested by American mosquito spies. They can not and will not stand for such vermin a la Polignani.

The fight is on and will be fought to a finish. Money is urgently needed. Those of our friends who are eager to help us to save Abarno and Carbone, and to expose the police, will please forward their contributions to MOTHER EARTH.

A LETTER FROM MARGARET SANGER

The Editor of MOTHER EARTH, New York City:

Dear Comrade—In the November number of your publication, I have read with pleasure an article by Harry Breckenridge on my case. Through your columns I wish to thank Comrade Breckenridge for his article and also the other comrades of the Ferrer School who, I understand, have also attempted to get up some agitation on the case.

It may not be known to the readers of MOTHER EARTH that there are three federal indictments against me, based on the March, May and July issues of *The Woman Rebel*. It may be supposed that though I might get away with these three indictments based solely on an opinion of obscenity, there remains the August, September and October issues, which were suppressed, and contain material for further forthcoming indictments. So that if I were to fool about defending myself in the courts, I

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would be forced to spend half the winter dallying about at the beck and call of a few officials.

When the case first came up in August before Judge Hazel, I was not placed under bail, but allowed to go on my own recognizance. When the case was called in October before Judge Foster, I had no objection to the case going on the day it was fixed on the calendar, and said that I was ready to proceed. When, however, day after day dragged on, and I was supposed to sit at the end of a telephone awaiting the call of the District Attorney, I objected.

I asked for a postponement in order to do many things I had to do. The Judge refused a postponement. Thrice he refused it, and the only natural thing for me to do was to take it myself, which I did.

There is other work more important to me than fussing over an opinion of obscenity, which is all the case against me was based on. There was no information concerning the prevention of conception given in the columns of my papers; consequently the only things the case was based on were the questions or articles in those three issues which advocated the prevention of conception—articles considered "obscene" "filthy" and "vile."

So far as the freedom of the press is concerned, it is a most important issue, and one which concerns everybody in the United States. Especially does it concern us in the revolutionary movement, for it is here that we need the freedom of expressing our ideas and our thoughts, because they are in direct opposition to the prevailing and stagnant ideas of the day.

But I began a fight for the right of giving out information on the prevention of conception. That is my present and immediate work; and I am not to have that work sidetracked by an opinion on "obscenity"—even though it involves Free Speech, I shall do this first. When I have said all that I have to say and all others have said on this subject, I shall turn to take up the fight of the suppression and confiscation of the five issues of *The Woman Rebel,* and fight for its continuation.

We who have lost faith in the justice of the Courts of law are bound to work out a different method to achieve our purposes than those who still fall into the

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trap of its ponderous machinery. So that if the way I work may not be along the lines that other comrades have followed, I can only ask your patience and faith in my sincerity in doing what I consider the best and quickest way to accomplish my object. There are always various opinions on these questions and all that we can ask is that each comrade do that which out of his or her years of experience and reflection seems the cleanest and most direct from the revolutionary standpoint.

Again, some of the comrades have sighed and criticized me for mixing the issues, as they say—declaring that had I not published the article on the defence of assassination by Herbert H. Thorpe, that all the rest would have been easy. I take this opportunity to state that I have no apology to make for publishing that article. There would have been no objection to an article against assassination, and if free speech and free press mean anything in the United States, certainly that article, reasoning and scientific, has a right to be published and read and discussed. That one may or may not agree with the material in the article is not the point. The point is that Mr. Thorpe had an opinion on a question which at that time was the cause of throwing all of Europe into a state of war. And he has the right to express his opinion.

The work I am at present engaged in will take at least several weeks longer, I shall then continue the trial.

There is one fact which naturally assuages my conscience, and that is that the Federal authorities will always be there to receive me at any time I decide to turn up. I think I can safely say that they will still be "on the job" to gather me into their "fold."

I will frankly say that I was keenly disappointed at the silence of MOTHER EARTH in regard to this outrageous tyrannical attitude of the Post Office authorities toward *The Woman Rebel*. I expect very little publicity on this "delicate subject" from the capitalist press, but naturally I look for an attitude of solidarity and comradeship from the radical press.

But as the indictments were returned in August and there were three suppressions since March—and not a word in any paper until November, it makes one feel

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quite alone in a fight that so concerns the workers and all of us. However I wish to express my thanks to those comrades who have written me encouraging and sympathizing letters, and to those who are furthering and spreading the propaganda. Gather together all those interested in its spreading influence and together we will fight for the open and free discussion of this subject which so vitally concerns every working man and woman.

Fraternally,
MARGARET H. SANGER.

The financial burden of *The Woman Rebel* and all this propaganda has been carried on almost alone. I can not continue it much longer unless some financial help comes along. If the propaganda has been worth a little to you, let me know.

M. H. S.

Margaret Sanger promised to keep MOTHER EARTH posted on the status of her case, which she failed to do until August—too late for our issue. The September and October numbers of MOTHER EARTH were devoted entirely to the unemployed and anti-militarist agitations. However, during all of that time, we pushed *The Woman Rebel* and discussed its editor's case before thousands of people throughout the country. Under the circumstances it seems very unfair on the part of our comrade to accuse MOTHER EARTH of indifference. But then it is human to feel neglected when one faces one's first great battle with the powers that be, in behalf of an unpopular cause.

We understand our comrade and assure her that MOTHER EARTH and those connected with her never have and never will hesitate to stand by our brave friend, Margaret H. Sanger.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE RECANTATION OF FREDERICK SUMNER BOYD

TRENTON, N. J., March 25.—Frederick Sumner Boyd sprung a sensation to-day through friends who filed with the Court of Pardons an appeal for clemency, which will be acted upon during the next few weeks.

Boyd renounces the view expressed in the speeches for which he was convicted of advocating sabotage and of incendiary utterances. The petition in his behalf is headed by Theodore Roosevelt. This probably is due to the fact that Boyd recently became affiliated with the *Metropolitan Magazine*, with which Roosevelt also is affiliated.

Boyd was received at the State Prison here last Monday to

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serve his sentence after the Court of Errors and Appeals had decided there was no irregularity in his conviction.

Boyd does not mention Socialism in his appeal, and whether his renunciation of his former views included a renunciation of Socialism, is, of course, not known.

The Court of Pardons met at the State Prison to-day to consider the case of Boyd, with a hundred other cases. The court decided to violate its rule and make public the Boyd petition, giving the peculiar reason that it might dissuade other agitators.

The text of the petition follows:

"Your petitioner humbly submits for the consideration of your honorable court the following reasons in support of his prayer for clemency:

"That he was convicted of advocating views he has now entirely abandoned, regarding them as anti-Social and detrimental to the general welfare; that he now looks upon the tactics he formerly advocated as certain to defeat the moral and social betterment of the working class; that his interest in these matters has always been an unselfish one; that he had no personal grievances; that he had nothing to gain personally; that his action was based upon a mistaken, but not on a self-seeking, ground.

"That for two years this sentence has been hanging over him, has disorganized his life and impaired his health, and he has paid in full for the offense he committed. That he has recently secured a position on the editorial staff of the *Metropolitan Magazine,* and he regards this as opportunity to establish himself, to do useful work that will enable him to acquire good standing citizenship. Representing the New York Police Society, he has lectured at Canon Chase's church, before the Young Men's Christian Association, and had occupied the same platform with Prof. John Bates Clark and Dean George Kirchwey, of the Columbia University, and Hamilton Holt, of the Independent. He submits to your honorable court that, to take him out of this life, to make him undergo a sentence for an offense which was committed several years ago, and the error of which he now sees, and could not repeat, is to mar a potentially useful life while serving no end of justice.

"That a clear understanding of the fundamental nature of the offense committed, he submits that the case is one that to forget, rather than to press to its ultimate conclusion, would be better calculated to serve the ends of your honorable court. That his views and opinions having undergone a complete change, and having been already severly punished, the purpose of the law has in his case been completely carried out; and that, while it is possible that keeping him in prison may deter others from committing similar crimes, nevertheless it will tend to foster class hatred and vindictiveness, which he regards as absolutely prejudicial to all social progress.

"Your petitioner, therefore, prays that this petition will be granted upon such terms and conditions as your honorable court shall deem equitable and just."

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The petition was signed by Boyd. It was accompanied by a brief statement signed by Roosevelt and fourteen other indorsers. In part, their statement said:

"We have read this, Boyd's application, we believe the ends of justice will have been met if at this time his petition is granted, thereby enabling him to become a good and useful citizen, and that any clemency that may be shown in his case will be highly esteemed by us."

The statement was signed by the following: Theodore Roosevelt, Gilbert E. Roe, Herbert Croley, Charlotte Rudyard, George H. Sewell, Jr., Walter Lippmann, Carl Hovey, Finley Peter Dunne, Frederick C. Howe, John B. Andrews, John Reed, Lincoln Steffens, William H. Short, Hamilton Holt, Boardman Robinson, Percy Stickney Grant, all of New York.—*New York Call.*

LOOKING FORWARD

By A. SCHAPIRO

WE have been told often enough these last few months that Anarchists have failed to grasp the gist of the present situation called forth by the war; that they have failed in their antimilitarist propaganda and in that of the general strike as a means for averting war.

It is true that our propaganda has failed to give tangible results, but only in so far as we did not develop it enough, in so far as we did not "go at it" with greater energy, with deeper enthusiasm.

But we were certainly on the right track when Anarchists said that antimilitarist propaganda is the backbone of every agitation that has for its purpose the destruction of the war-gods—which in its turn is the direct consequence of the existence of the State. And Anarchists were right when they always tried to make the people understand that the only practical means the workers have to stop any attempt at war was the general strike. This, after all, is no pet invention of the modern Anarchist agitation. Already at the Brussels Congress of the old International in 1868, the idea of a general strike against war was broached, and in 1871—about a month before the Paris Commune—the following resolution was passed by the German sections of the International:

"1. To remind the members of the federation of the resolu-

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tions of the Brussels Congress which proclaim the necessity to aim at the organization of a general strike, *i. e.*, the general cessation of every production, in case a new war were to endanger the European nations. For this purpose, the conference finds it necessary:

"2. To undertake an energetic propaganda against armies and institutions which favor war, so that the protest of the International should, at last, be able to express itself not only in words, but also in deeds;

"3. That the protest of the International should be efficacious, it is necessary that the workers should refuse to work at the manufacture of ammunition and instruments of war, looking elsewhere for means to make a living; it is also necessary that they should organize on the basis of solidarity, thus giving them also the power to refuse that blood-tax—military service.

"4. The conference is convinced that the best means for organizing such a propaganda is to create everywhere international sections—chiefly in the villages.

"It is only thus that we shall be able to reach the political development and the social liberation of the working class."

This was written 44 years ago. How little we have gone forward in that direction! How much there is yet to do! And yet—in spite of all this—could the Anarchists regret anything in their propaganda? Would they go back on anything they have preached until now? Far from it. All that has now occurred has only strengthened them in the right course they had taken by following in the footsteps of the old International. They only acknowledge, once again, that the workers have been fooled—not only by the governing classes, but by those who had continually promised them the parliamentary millennium. State Socialism has been dangled before the workers as a cure-all; they were promised it as an antidote to the scourging poison of capitalism that ate into their souls and bodies—that antidote which is the same effective poison but under a more concentrated form. And if Socialism could show nothing better at a critical stage of its development than to become the slaves of their respective governments—when the Sudekums become agents of the German Government, Vandervelde and Guesde and Sembat become Cabinet ministers in Belgium and France, it is the grandest occasion for the Anarchists, instead of taking however small a part in the present conflagration, to show that they have always been right, is ceaselessly pushing home the truth that the State is the worst danger to the free development of

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nations and nationalities, and that only by its total abolition could one hope for a better future.

The present war is nothing else but the apotheosis of the State; the more tragic is it to find that the bellicose spirit has caught even those whom he thought totally immune. We see how, for example, the French *Confederation Generale du Travail* joins hands, for the first time in its history, with the Socialist parties, and sends official delegates to the Socialist conference of the "allies" just held in London. It may, of course, be a temporary aberration on the part of the C. G. T., but it is certainly a sign of the times that even the revolutionary Syndicalists—with some exceptions no doubt—have fallen the prey of State Socialists, hoping for a brighter future through a victory of the French, or the English, *or the Russian* states over the German state!

Bakunin wrote in one of his essays that Germany had saved France in 1870 by destroying the latter's army—an army that was an obstacle to every progress—and appealed to France to render the same service to Germany. Forty-five years have passed, and we have again the same two armies fighting each other "for the liberties of the world." Does not all this indicate that *armies* as such—even when they destroy other armies—do not make for progress? To appeal to Socialists and to Anarchists to help this or that side of the belligerents is therefore to capitulate unconditionally in the hands of the State—thus burning everything one believed in, believing in everything one had burned.

It was one of the corner-stones of Anarchist principles that to compromise voluntarily with the State is to admit its necessity, and that therefore we shall use all means at our disposal to weaken the State, so as to finally destroy it—and not to strengthen it by helping one State against another.

In this shape, the question for the Anarchists changes into a struggle of first magnitude. And if there is a reproach that could be made to the Anarchist movement it is that it has insufficiently developed its activity within the labor organizations where, after all, we shall always find the best material with which to regenerate humanity. The last few years have seen an increased lukewarm-

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ness on the part of our comrades within the French labor movement. A great heap of sharp criticism was flung at it; it has certainly deserved it sometimes, but in great part, through its abnormal exaggerations, it was often unmerited and only cooled the ardor of the younger elements.

It is the duty of the Anarchists to recapture at once these lost positions. This has to be done—or, at least, begun—*now*, while the war is still raging. The weakening of the Anarchist element in the French C. G. T. has also had a bad effect on the activity of our comrades in other countries. This must not be. On the contrary, it should be a lesson to us all, that if we wish to give an anti-State and a true antimilitarist character to the labor movement, we must see that our comrades should everywhere be in the advance guard, always on the lookout, ever active within their labor organizations. The general strike must remain our weapon *par excellence* for making as harmless as possible either haughty employers or nefarious militarist states. But let us not have any illusions on that score; the general strike in the sense of a general cessation of production may be a sufficiently powerful lever to bring to their knees the economic exploiters of our age; but we must always be ready to transform such a general strike into the forerunner of a general insurrection having for its aim either the destruction of any attempt at a cataclysm like an international war, or the complete social reconstruction of society. That its cost will be heavy does not diminish its vital importance —knowing as we do now, that we could have had a dozen *successful* revolutions with the blood spilled, for all intents and purposes in vain, during the first few months of the present war.

It is unfortunately difficult to talk reason to people engaged in the war game, be they even Anarchists. But would it not be as well that comrades of all those countries where the war fever, has not become epidemic should at once, and without a moment's hesitation, begin —internationally in so far as it is now possible—the work of reorganization of our forces on the same old foundations which have stood so well the test of time, and spread our principles and tactics more energetically than

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ever and with a stronger united front, within our own ranks as well as within the labor movement. And if we stick to our guns, and if our opposition to the State—to any State—remains as irreconcilable as it has ever been—there should be no doubt of the ultimate result. Victory WILL be ours.

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TWO VERSIONS OF THE MEXICAN SITUATION

In the *New Republic* of February 13th Mr. George Edward Hyde writes about Mexico as follows:

Mexico to-day lies waste, from the Rio Grande in the north to the Guatemalan border in the south. Thousands of miles of railway have been destroyed, bridges and station-houses have been burned at every step. The fields lie fallow or are only partially cultivated, while many acres of orchards have been burned clean. The government of the country has disappeared, and in its place has come chaos and anarchy.

Now what is this terrible Anarchy about?

It is impossible at present to make even a rough estimate of the material damage which has been done by the revolution. In the state of Tabasco hardly a ranch house is standing, and many plantations have been burned to the ground. A great deal of this property belonged to foreigners. In Morelos, the richest sugar state in Mexico, the cane-fields have been burned over several times, and refineries worth millions of dollars have been destroyed. Along the Isthmus of Tehuantepec the losses to the Belgian rubber interests and to British mahogany companies have been very heavy.

My, my, what terrible people these Mexicans are, to cause so much damage to the foreign robbers! And what else are these "Anarchists" guilty of?

Destruction of property on a small scale has been even more general. The revolutionary bands which infest the republic have been living off the land, and have not scorned to appropriate even the cheapest personal belongings of the inhabitants of towns which they have captured. A silk scarf might recompense the common soldier for weeks of hardship, while his leader was satisfied with a ring worth perhaps more than money to some unfortunate woman. The revolutionists have not scrupled to hold for ransom prominent citizens who fell into their hands.

No effort has been made by the revolutionists to maintain a government, except in its broader functions. The executive power has been relegated to the leader who was supreme at the moment, or to someone whom he appointed, and in consequence the officials of villages and towns throughout the country hold their office arbitrarily through force of arms. The legality of

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the actions of such authorities may naturally be questioned. In fact, it is doubtful whether a truly legal marriage can be performed in Mexico to-day.

Terrible indeed that the exploited, robbed and outraged people of Mexico should no longer believe in the sanctity of property or the legality of marriage. As if they have not suffered enough under both these institutions! As if they have not paid with their liberty, their land and their very lives to their despoilers!

It does not occur to Mr. Hyde that the Mexican Revolution is significant just because the people have thrown off the fear of authority and the awe for property. It is precisely for this reason that the revolutionary flame in Mexico cannot be put out except through a final conquest by the people of land and liberty. For this very reason we hope our readers will heed the appeal of our Mexican Comrades.

E. G.

THE ORGANIZING JUNTA OF THE MEXICAN LIBERAL PARTY

TO THE WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Brothers, Greetings!

It is known that the Mexican people have been in a state of armed revolution since four years ago, but very little is known about the nature of this gigantic movement, due to the fact that the capitalistic press tries to confuse through different means the minds of its readers, pretending that all the trouble there lies in useless quarrels of leaders, a conflict between spurious ambitions, whose only object is to strive for the Presidency of the Republic. If to the surface of this tremendous conflict come the names of Villa, Carranza or any other personality, who, as shown by their actions, do not have any other objective than the acquisition of power, the truth is that those men are not the Revolution, but mere military leaders that pretend to profit to their personal wishes out of the popular movement.

The Mexican people revolted in arms in November, 1910, to conquer their economic freedom. In the minds of the rebelled workingmen there is no place for the idea of elevating this or that individual to the Presidency of the Republic, but of that wrenching the land, natural mother of all riches, out of the hands of the capitalist class and to make it the property of all and everyone of the inhabitants of the Mexican Republic, men and women alike; and if the Revolution is still on foot after four years have elapsed, it is because that just aspiration has been unable as yet to succeed in all the country.

That the Mexican Revolution is essentially of an economical

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nature at its bottom, is the opinion of the President of the United States, who instructed the American delegates to the Peace Conferences at Niagara Falls not to accept any resolution that would not have as its basis the elimination of Huerta and the establishment of a government in Mexico that would guarantee the solution of the Agrarian Problem, the President clearly expressing his opinion that there could not be peace in that country while the peons would not be in possession of the land.

This opinion is confirmed by the facts. Large territory extensions have been taken since the beginning of this Revolution in different sections of the Republic by proletarian multitudes that have placed them into cultivation and have been gathering the crops for themselves. The property deeds have been burnt in the official files; the fences have been torn down; the warehouses and granaries have been left at the disposition of these revolutionary masses that understand that such expropriation is necessary, to subsist while the first crops are gathered; the houses have been left at the disposition of those who before had not a single clod of earth on which to lay their heads, and a marked tendency to socialize all the industries begins to be crystallized with the fact that the sugar factories and the distilleries of alcohols are being operated by the expropiating peons in the southern sections, where those industries predominate, and, in the fact, too, that some mines, wood mills and other enterprises are being operated by workingmen who have had the courage of recognizing that the machinery must be the property of the workingmen, and who, rifle in hand, have taken possession of it in the name of the Revolution, which means in the name of Justice.

The Mexican Liberal Party, by means of its oral and written propaganda and by its deeds, has played an important role in the class struggle that is being enacted in Mexico. This party is represented by a Junta, at 2325 Ivanhoe avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., formed by five members, Ricardo Flores Magon, Librado Ricera, Enrique Flores Magon, Antonio de P. Araujo and Anselmo L. Figueroa, and the official organ of this organization is *Regeneracion*, written in Spanish and English.

Proved as it is that the Mexican revolutionary movement is of economic character, it is a duty of all class conscious workingmen to support with all their moral and material strength the workingmen who are spilling their blood to shake off the yoke of Capitalism. The Mexican Problem is not really a problem incumbent only to Mexico; it is a universal problem, it is the problem of hunger, the problem that the disinherited of all the world have to resolve under the penalty of living with their bodies bent down under the yoke of the master class. To deny solidarity to the Mexican workingmen who are struggling to conquer their economic freedom is to stand against the Labor cause in general, because the cause of the wage-slave against his master has no frontiers; it is not a national problem, but a universal conflict; it is the cause of all the disinherited of the world over, of every one who has to work with his hands and his brains to bring his family a loaf of bread. If the Economic Revolution is crushed, the American workingmen

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will suffer the consequences, for an immigration of Mexican workingmen still greater than the one that has been taking place during the last ten or fifteen years, will take place, and the salaries in this country will be lower still. But that is not all; the crushed Revolution means a victorious Capitalism. The wealth of the magnates of American industry will flow into Mexico, to, then, a field for all the adventurers and all the exploiters; the manufacturers of the United States would be transplanted to Mexico, that would become an ideal land for business because of the cheapness of salaries, and the American workingmen will find their factories and firms in this country closed down because it will be more profitable to their bosses to open their business where they will pay twenty-five to fifty cents a day for the same kind of work for which they would have to pay two or three dollars a day in this country. Then, you see, American workingmen, that it is not only because they are members of your own class and champions of the struggle of your class that you should help those in Mexico fighting for Land and Liberty, but for the fact, too, that they are laboring for your own welfare while fighting for their own; which comes to prove that the cause of the working class is but one, and that what affects the cause of the working class in one country, equally affects the working class in the rest of the countries of the world. That is why the workingman of one country should consider himself closely united to the workingmen of all the other countries.

Keep in mind that the Mexican population of the Southern States of the American Union runs to the millions; keep in mind that the lands and the mines in Texas are being worked by Mexicans; that the fields in Louisiana and Mississippi are tilled by Mexicans; that the mines in Oklahoma and many others in Arizona, Nevada and Colorado are operated by Mexicans; that the great plantations in Colorado and California progress by the work of the Mexican; think that the workingmen laboring along the railroad lines are Mexicans and that Mexicans are the ones that keep running all the smelters scattered along the boundary line between this country and Mexico, and that numerous camps of Mexican workers are found in Wyoming, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Utah, Illinois and other States. Think, American proletarians what the Pacific conquest of the Mexican toiler would mean to the rise of your salaries and to your complete emancipation.

To give a formidable impulse to this war against privilege and oppression money is needed most urgently. You have got it; give it to us! Our history of struggles and sacrifices for over twenty-two years place us above all suspicion. The best guarantee of our honesty is the twenty-two years that we have undergone in dungeons where tyranny would thrust its fangs in our throats to punish our loyalty and devotion to the interests of the working class, or in the clutches of poverty—that grim companion of all of us who would not sell our conscience nor betray our ideals.

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Archimedes said: "Give me a basis and I will upturn the world."

We tell you: lend us solidarity and we will bury the capitalist system in Mexico.

Agitate incessantly. Show your brothers in chains the noble gesture of his Mexican brothers who has broken his claims and with them, handling them as a battering ram, batters down the walls of the castle where privilege and tyranny, shaking with fear, have sought safety, and remind them that their future depends on that rebel slave, that the interests of the working class are blended in such a way that it is impossible to look upon any aspect of the class struggle disdainfully without committing suicide. To act!

Send all correspondence and money to ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA, P. O. Box 1236, Los Angeles, Cal.

LAND AND LIBERTY.

Los Angeles, Cal., November 7, 1914.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON.
ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.
LIBRADO RIVERA.
ANTONIO DE P. ARAUJO.
ANSELMO L. FIGUEROA.

GEORGE BROWN

BY JAMES B. ELLIOTT

GEORGE Brown was born in Ranns, a small village in Yorkshire, England, about 1860, and was one of a large family—his father being a shoemaker, he instructed George in a knowledge of the craft. Having mastered the art at the age of eighteen, he secured employment as a journeyman. Two years later he was selected by the English government to go to India to instruct the natives of Bombay in the art of shoemaking. He remained five years, returning to his native country and staying a short time among his friends; he sailed for America and took up his residence in Chicago, where he and others organized a Free Thought debating club, of which Albert Parsons was a member. After the conviction and sentencing of the Anarchists, Brown, a former antagonist, became a defender of their principles and showed his devotion for his friends by soliciting names of citizens opposed to their execution. This action caused him to be blacklisted by the leading shoe manu-

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facturers and prevented him from securing employment at his trade. Later he went to Cincinnati where he attended the lectures of Moncure D. Conway, and organized a debating society. There being a labor strike there in 1893, Brown decided to remove to Philadelphia, where he remained until his death, of kidney trouble, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, on February 14, 1915.

George Brown's school days in Merrie England were limited to but a few weeks a year, but his education was obtained by attending the debates of the Secular Society, founded by George Jacob Holyoake, in which he took part as a speaker, also in trade union and political organizations. At the meetings he met Charles Bradlaugh, whom he helped to elect to the House of Commons and by whose arguments he was converted to Atheism. He was also a member of the Hall of Science, his certificate of membership being signed by Thomas Huxley was one of his treasures of which he was very proud.

When a colony was founded at Arden, Delaware, to put into practice the Single Tax theory advocated by Henry George, Brown took up a land lease and built a small cottage in which he and his family resided during the summer months. Perhaps the most interesting event that took place in Arden was his fight for free speech, August, 1911, which resulted in his being sentenced to imprisonment for five days or a fine of two dollars. He refused to pay the small fine and accepted the imprisonment at the County Jail at Greenbank. Upon his release from prison he brought suit against Upton Sinclair and other residents of Arden for a violation of the Sabbath, by playing golf and baseball, which resulted in their conviction and sentence of imprisonment at hard labor in the jail quarry at Greenbank.

The author of "The Jungle," during his incarceration, secured information which he used with telling effect in a series of articles in the daily papers in which he laid bare the treatment and sufferings of the prisoners, which led to an investigation and caused censure and the discharge of the overseer of the prison.

The life and work of Brown at Arden would require more space than has been allotted to the writer of this sketch.

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A good portrait of George Brown can be obtained at the office of MOTHER EARTH, price 10c.

A TRIBUTE TO JACK WHITE

By R. E. R.

OUR friend is dead—your friend and mine, and we are poorer, vastly poorer than we were when he lived.

It may be you did not even know he was your friend, but that doesn't matter. He was not the less your friend because of that.

And even if you knew him and were his enemy, neither does that matter. Jack Whyte had his friends. He also had his enemies. But Jack Whyte was the enemy of no man. His fight in this life was on another issue.

Some of us stand up in this life when occasion calls. Others of us lurk in corners and either pretend we do not hear, else refuse to answer, without pretext. Jack Whyte was of the stripe which both hears and answers. In that he was an example which, alas, is not in too plentiful numbers.

San Diego came. Jack Whyte was there. Originally he had not intended to make a lengthy sojourn. But the Court, espying the piercing glint of his mettle, ordained otherwise. He paid the penalty courage usually has to pay. His payment took the form of a six months' enforced residence in the county jail.

But jails only whet the appetites of some offenders. The spirit of the Jack Whytes in this life rallies under oppression. This prisoner, like others before him, emerged —to strike again at the thing which had enmeshed him.

Never once did he murmur a complaint about the treatment which had been accorded him. Jack Whyte was not the manner of man to whimper when the blade of injustice happened to swing his way. He could smile at pain and forget a wrong done to himself. But the wrongs of others was a thing he neither smiled at nor forgot. His memory on that score was luminous as day, always.

These things are known. But what I have to say now

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is not known, save to the few: The reason Jack Whyte lies dead is because he chose to give his life, rather than that another's should be taken. When he could have saved himself he did not. Rather did he intervene and take the shot which was intended not for him but for another. "Greater love hath no man than this."

It must be good to die and feel you stood up to Life—not upon it. Here was one who, even when his life was ebbing—when he knew the hours were sealing his fate, had no wish to avenge himself on his slayer—said: "What good, what good to prosecute! Let him go."

I lift my cap to you, Jack Whyte. I lift it reverently, humbly. To meet you in passing was worth the pain and trial that are a part of this uncertain journey. I am sorry the world was so dumb, so callous, so perversely unfeeling as not to accord you your due. You deserved better than you got.

But you gave more than you received. And it may be that when the accounts are finally straightened, you will get the balance which you earned here below. Those who knew you and loved you believe that the measure must needs be even to the unsettled score.

A. C. ZIBELIN

By STELLA COMYN

IT is with deep regret that we announce the death of our French Comrade and friend, A. C. Zibelin, in Paris, on February 3, 1915. Not only has the Anarchist movement in France lost a devoted and faithful worker, but the MOTHER EARTH group a dear friend.

Comrade Zibelin was born in Lausanne, Switzerland, of French parents, in 1850, but as a child he was taken to France. During the Franco-Prussian War, he was serving in the French army and stationed in Paris. When the Commune was declared and the army moved to Versailles, young Zibelin deserted, because he did not wish to fight the Communards. The Commune destroyed, Zibelin was compelled to fly, and came to the United States, and later lived for some years in Mexico.

On his return to Europe, he settled in Geneva, where

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he became an Anarchist, and where he met the Reclus brothers—Elisee and Paul, with whom he was associated until their deaths. Zibelin lived in Nice, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Paris and other cities in France, in all of which he was intimately connected with the various Anarchist activities. He was a close friend of Netlan in Vienna, and of Sebastian Faure, whose meetings he frequently organized. He attended the Anarchist Congress in Amsterdam, Holland, eight years ago, where he met Emma Goldman.

Zibelin was not a speaker or a writer, but he was a valuable and faithful worker in the cause of the oppressed, and gave his time and energy to the numerous Anarchist activities that flourish in revolutionary Paris and other cities of France.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN

THE first and only time I heard Voltairine de Cleyre lecture was at Walker's N. Y. Liberal Club, way back in 1894. The topic was "Mary Wollstonecraft, the Apostle of Equal Rights." The even delivery, the subdued enthusiasm of her voice, the abundance of information, thought and argument, and the logical sequence of the same made a deep impression upon me. I was at that time a lecture fan, and able to make comparisons of her straightforward method with the performances of other public speakers. She had nothing of the pompous, climax-building elocutionary oratory of an Ingersoll or Talmadge, nor did she command the resistless onward rush of words of Bishop Brooks or the magnetism of Emma Goldman's sledgehammer style, as little was she versed in the conversational patter of contemporary speakers, the conversational lisp of a Hubbard of the acrobatic trickeries and thespian roar of a Billie Sunday. Voltairine's lecture I have always classified among the rarest and most exceptional platform achievements, with Murdoch's talk on Hamlet, Walt Whitman's Lincoln lecture at the Philadelphia Chestnut Theatre, and one of Rev. Bartol's sermons (on the Oliver

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Wendell Holmes order) on Yacht-Racing, in which he compared life, and the endeavors of individuals, to a never-ending race.

Voltairine in her estimate of the English reformer revealed her own personality. Like Mary Imley-Godwin, she was a woman of the mental type with a mission to perform, a clear and sound thinker, sincere to austerity and emotional only as far as it did not interfere with her mental sympathies, frugal and precise in her conduct of life, but lofty and independent in spirit.

These characteristics are reflected in her writings. Her essays on Anarchism, its scope, dominant idea, aims and activities, her analytical reviews of the Paris Commune and Mexican Revolution, her criticisms of economic disorder and injustice, and her appeals for development, reform, individualization by revolt are well balanced and well expressed emanations of a *positive* mind. It is all cold reasoning, the result of reflection and study. There are occasional flashes of poetic transport, impetuous images, and sudden outbursts of indignation, a flow of vehement words, still they are controlled by mental calculation. Her style lacks color and relief, and impassioned imagination. Nobody regretted that more deeply than herself. But her atavistic premises, her parentage, education, and the frugal environment which she created for herself, drew a harsh boundary line around her resolves and impulses towards self expression. She did not exactly inherit a New England conscience, though something almost equally destructive, the deplorable faculty for self-tormentation, a process of the mind that wavers in constant anguish between the rights of the body and the tyrannical dictates of the spirit, which she succeeded in voicing with some eloquence in her short sketch, "The Sorrows of the Body." It is her nearest approach to genuine literature. In most of her stories and poems the natural expression of her heart's emotions seem to be adultered by revolutionary didacticism. Not that the idea of the beautiful is wanting but it is entangled and crushed by ethical pursuits and wrangles. The technical charm of literature, the beauty of a sentence, the rhythm, sound and color of a combination of words, did not play

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an important part in her literary mechanism, and what is poetry without it!

This duality in her nature also guided her selection of subjects: Betrayed, the Suicide's Defense, Cry of the Unfit, Feast of Vultures, Bastard Born are not particularly cheerful or favorable themes for poetic exploitation. Propaganda poetry always smacks of dogmaticism, unless it is attempted by a great poet who can dissolve the incongruities of reform ideas into their elemental constituents, so that they appeal not only to the devotees of a special creed but to all liberal minds. I do not object to her cries of pity and vengeance, merely to her lamentations and sentimentalities. Why a bastard should be clothed in scarlet of shame is beyond my comprehension. A bastard instead of whining at his mother's grave should be proud to be a child of passion (why otherwise the preachings of free love!) and act accordingly in the selection of his own progeny. An the child murderess in Betrayed, why this pitiable self accusation! If there were no "crime and punishment," would she not justify the deed before her own conscience. But then the act itself could not happen. True, but why expound despair, utter soul collapse, and hope for pardon beyond—no matter how realistically accurate for that particular type of a girl—as the result of an action which in itself is, if not right, at least exculpable. It is one of the instances where Voltairine's acquired theories clash with her inborn sensitiveness. Her poems are frequently punctured in that manner. Perhaps they were merely "stations" of development, forerunners to her bitter pleas "Sex Slavery" and "Modern Educational Reform."

Her short stories, mostly merely sketches, episodes, skeleton descriptions of heart rending incidents and conditions, are freer of contradictions, yet strangely weak in construction. There is no concentration and no climax without an anti-climax. It was just the motive—for instance, an existence of drudgery with the undercurrent of love as propelling force (as in "At the End of the Alley"), or the sentimental much ado about the death of a white rose in the hand of an amorous sailor in a house of prostitutes—which interested her and which she tried to make the most of, no matter at what sacrifice

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to the artistic make up of the story. For the sole guide on which she could rely was her logic, the capricious ways of the muses she failed to command and they indulged in strange antics whenever she allowed them free sway. But when she brushed aside the cobwebs that darkened her vision, and settled down to serious work, listening only to the dictates of her wonderful mind, it proved sufficient to produce, as in nearly all her essays, a solid piece of prose that for clearness and force ranks among the sanest and most instructive contributions to Anarchistic literature.

Although I came dozens of times to Philadelphia when she resided there, I met her but a few times. The atmosphere in which she lived was somehow too ascetic for me. How well I remember my first impression of her (not as a public speaker but as a woman in her home surroundings) with her bare feet, dressed in a white gown that bulged at the hips, with the background of a frugally furnished room, and red bricks outside, with young foreigners of limited mind (whom she instructed) passing to and fro, she appeared to me almost sexless, like some vestal virgin that worshipped something infinitely remote and pure. She had the kindness of writing me a flattering appreciation of my short stories, which I answered by pointing out some errors of construction in hers. Then we drifted apart. She apparently never forgave me for borrowing two dollars from her. Very likely, she had worked hard for it, and I needed it merely for the entertainment of some "beer" comrades and had forgotten all about it a few hours later. Voltairine was sorely deficient in humor, and she had no use for parlor, studio, or saloon anarchism. She did not even understand it except—theoretically. She admired Whitman for "making himself one with drunken revelers and the creatures of debauchery," while she could stand only at the portals and look on in pity.

Despite the wealth of her emotions, limitless sympathies, and love for nature, her whole life seemed to center upon the exaltation over, what she so aptly called, the dominant idea. Like an anchorite she flayed her body to utter one more lucid and convincing argument in praise of direct action. She starved and endured, and worked

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indefatigably for the enlightenment of the masses. She was brave, far seeing, invincible, one of the staunchest, truest, never-tiring banner-bearers of Anarchism, the great cause that to so many means the solution of the most important problem of modern society, the problem of equal rights for all.

I wish I could feel once more the force of your personality, Voltairine de Cleyre! Now, as spring is coming, what else could we do but stroll among the foothills and watch the awakening of nature to new endeavors.

The hawthorns in the marshes are in full bloom, the seeds of the cottonwood trees drift across the roads like snow flurries, the snakes have shed their skins along the boulders, and there, in the damp shadows of the woods the frail Indian tobacco plants sprout forth, so ethereally white as if they were still dreaming beneath the soil. All these vagaries of vernal evolution would speak to you and you understandingly would speak to them, strange runes of the soul, and your appreciation would seem like poetry to me, poetry that lay dormant in you all the while and which by some cruel whim of fate you could express only so hesitatingly.

Alas, all we have left of your struggle is your book. It is a book that should be read by everyone who desires to come into contact with a strong and unusual personality. The dead are still living who can offer us such treasures as Voltairine de Cleyre has done in her Collected Works.

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